

Through It All by randomdude05

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Summary:

Prompt from tumblr: "I know it hurts but you need to just keep your eyes on me and breathe, okay?"

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Author's Note:

Warnings in the tags!

Not beta'd.

Steve awoke slowly, his vision blurry and ears ringing. His whole body ached and he knew without touching that his nose was definitely broken. Distantly, he heard shouting and repeated thudding noises. *What happened?* He thought to himself before the memories came flooding back.

His parents weren't home...

He invited me over...

A dinner for two...

A gentle caress...

The bedroom...

Skin against skin...

The door opens suddenly...

Neil found them...

Neil found them...

Neil found us . Fuck.

He remembers scrambling away from Billy, hands coming up in surrender. Neil's face was shocked, before morphing into anger and disgust. He remembers standing between Billy and Neil, shoving Neil away when he moved forward, earning him a solid punch to the nose

and Neil throwing him against the bookshelf where he went unconscious. Steve's eyes have cleared by now, although he wishes they hadn't. He sees Neil standing over a body. No. Standing over Billy. He's screaming obscenities as his fists rain down on his only son. Billy's face is a swollen mess of angry red contusions. His eyes were nearly swollen shut, lip split, and a head wound bleeding down his forehead. Steve's heart breaks as he listens to Billy's pleading and broken wails.

"Stop," Steve mumbles as he starts to get up. Neil is too busy to hear Steve behind him. "Stop it. You're gonna kill him," he says more urgently. He uses the bookshelf to steady himself, reaching slowly at a mug full of pencils on the shelf. The pencils spill on the floor as Steve drags the mug off the shelf. He adjusts his grip on the mug. "Stop it!" Steve screams. "You're killing him!" Steve cries as he raises the mug, then strikes the back of Neil's head with all the strength he could muster.

Neil's body hits the floor with a thud and Steve rushes to Billy's side. He pulls Billy into his lap, heart clenching at the pained cries the other boy lets out.

"Hey, baby," Steve coos as he brushes a lock of hair from Billy's forehead. He's still crying out as Steve cradles him. "You're gonna be okay," Steve tries to reassure. He pulls the walkie off of Billy's desk and frantically finds Hopper's emergency channel.

"Hop, come in." Static.

"Hop, please, come in. It's Steve." More static.

“Please answer the goddamn walkie! This is a code black!” Steve screams into the walkie. Hopper made the code after Max let it slip to El that Neil was a “bad man”, the code meaning that Neil had done something. Steve hates that he even had to use the code.

Then the walkie crackles to life. “This is Chief Hopper. What are the details, Steve?”

“Neil came home early. I’m okay, probably just a broken nose, but Billy’s hurt real badly. Please send an ambulance as fast as you can!”

“On it, Steve. And I’m sorry,” the Chief replies sadly.

“Me, too,” Steve says to no one in particular. With Hopper called, he turns his attention back to Billy, who is no longer making any noise. He most likely has a concussion, so Steve pats his cheek as gently as he can to wake him up. “Hey, sweetheart. I need you to stay awake for me.” Billy lets out a pained groan. **“I know it hurts but you need to just keep your eyes on me and breathe, okay?”** Steve’s throat catches as he says this, shock finally wearing off, leaving physical and emotional pain in its place. He completely breaks when Billy finally opens his eyes, making eye contact with Steve, and mumbles out “I’m sorry.”

That’s how Hopper finds them. Steve sobbing over a barely conscious Billy, Neil still knocked out next to them. Billy is rushed to the hospital, where he’s treated for traumatic brain injury, internal bleeding, contusions and bruises on most of his body, a broken nose and fractured cheek bone, and four broken fingers (which Steve later finds out are from Neil stomping on Billy’s hand). Hopper arrests Neil as soon as he’s conscious for assault, child abuse, and attempted murder. He ensures Steve that Neil won’t ever touch him or Billy

again.

Steve visits Billy as soon as he's allowed, and nearly breaks down again at the sight of him. His face is more purple than his normal tanned skin, his right hand in a cast, and half of his head was shaved during surgery to treat what Steve learns is a traumatic subarachnoid hemorrhage, or bleeding in his brain. Steve has his own mild concussion, broken nose, and double black eyes.

Steve is sitting at Billy's side, left hand in his own and crying silently when Billy wakes up.

"Harrington?" Billy rasps out.

"Hey, baby," Steve says softly.

Billy's eyes light up when he looks at Steve before his brows furrow at the sight of the tears in the older boy's eyes. He lifts his unmarred hand to brush a tear from Steve's eye. "Who hurt you?"

Steve doesn't say anything. He can see the gears turning in Billy's head, then the look of realization.

"Oh," Billy says finally. He looks down at his feet. Steve can tell he's avoiding eye contact. A minute passes before Billy speaks again. "I'm sorry."

“Don’t be sorry, Billy,” Steve says.

“But if I had just been more careful!” Billy starts to argue before being cut off by Steve.

“None of this is your fault.” Steve asserts. “If anyone is in the wrong here, it’s that son of a bitch Neil!” Steve stops himself when he sees that Billy had withdrawn at Steve’s yelling. He sighs tiredly. “I’m just glad you’re okay.” Steve kisses Billy’s hand. “I spoke to Hopper. He arrested Neil. You don’t have to see him ever again.”

“Really?” Billy says doubtfully.

Steve brings a hand up to cup the side of Billy’s face. “Look at me, baby.” It takes a second, but eventually Billy’s baby blues settle on Steve’s eyes. “I promise,” Steve says. He leans forward to gently plant a kiss on Billy’s forehead. “I love you *so much*, okay? I hope you know that.”

“I love you, too,” Billy says with as much feeling as he can. He takes in the sight of Steve next to him and realizes that he actually believes he’ll be okay. As long as they’re together, they’ll be okay.

Author's Note:

Find me on Tumblr as the-singlest-pringle